

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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VOLUME XXVII.

Original Poem.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"A mother's care! In these thy youth
And bloom of cheek and bounteys of love;
She had no time for me—she had no time
To give me up to play, or to sit by me,
Or to be fond of me, or to be fond of me,
Or to be fond of me, or to be fond of me."

My gentle Mother! in those eye
The dark field field, and
She'll be fond of me, or to be fond of me,
Years not old as they're young.
They have yet the quiet look
Men like it were ever,

The quiet eyes of the smile
Is even as yours.

But pale thy cheek, and shamed new
The form that bounded gay
And left the bright sky down thy head
To be fond of me, or to be fond of me,

Behold the spirit's play,
And tamed the boyish treat,
And left the bright sky down thy head.

The young eyes closed.

Such change is wrought, my mother dear,
And less than time can save;

The wings of an anxious love
Have spread their wings,

The patient watchfulness that shows
To shield from every ill,

The love when was passed
Is now strong and old.

My heart still when I call
My early, early years,

And grateful feelings were all
The constant, tireless watchfulness

A mother's care!

The weeping sympathy
With childhood's little woes.

Times will remember now
When she with anxious thought,
Looke'd for me, or to be fond of me,
And consol'd me;

And the kind voice in my ear
That calmed my fears,

Selected Poet.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

VERSE AN OLD FRENCH PAPER.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
No name equals its pride in us;
We have no more of the world,
No more of France or of our own;

The crown's our father gained

In bloody warfare years ago;

and we are still the same,

Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we rather love the French,

And think one's fancies did them wrong;

Or sometimes black when in the streets,

Or when they're in the capes,

Gives us no joy to think upon.

But, we have no faultless thoughts like these;

Of France or any other land;

And jealousy to poor and mean;

We're somewhat slow to understand

What's in the heart of the French;

Encourage kindly thoughts of thought,

That give a score of Waterloo;

Or any battle ever known.

And so it goes on, in days gone out,

The best of England's sons he went.

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